

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

He Tells the Astonishing Ending of His  
Attempt to Carry Off a Safe.

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(Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

"Big Bill had marked down a medium-sized safe which he had seen standing in the back second-floor room of a house where he had gone to beg, and incidentally to propose, and Bill thought the thing to do with that safe was not to try to open it in the house, but to carry it off and open it at his leisure. And I was to help him.

"The room this safe was in was a kind

"Of course the safe could never be moved across the room and down the stairs without waking up everybody in the house, and that was just what Bill did think that he could dump it out of the window, to fall on that smooth, fine, thick sod below, without making any noise at all, and that's what we set out to do with."

"Bill had a horse and wagon of his own, and the night he'd fixed on he and I took his outfit and went out to this house."

—Bill— could lift three times my capacity— could end it up on those two boxes like up on steps, and so get it into the wagon.

particular difficulty, and up into that room. The safe stood right alongside a window, so we didn't have far to move it, but Bill took no chances that he could avoid. He just drenched the four rollers under the safe with oil so that they wouldn't squeak when we set out to move it, laid down on the floor a couple of strips of quarter-inch iron to roll it on to the window.

"Thanks to Bill's precaution, it hadn't made a sound. He looked out of the window below, to see that everything was clear, and then we got the safe up on the sill without having made anything crack anywhere. This was business, this was, but Bill had calculated it all to a nicety. He cast one more glance below, and then he and I together got under the

"Crunch—crash! Biff—bang! Crack—smash!" and the safe seemed to be settling into the ground for a moment, and the next moment it disappeared from

"I turned the glim on Big Bill for just a moment to see how he was taking it, and he was taking it hard. Of course

and he was taking it hard. Of course he didn't say anything. This was no place for loud conversation, but he looked more than I ever heard any man speak. There was nothing for us to do now but to get out; we carried a fairish kit of tools, but we didn't carry derricks and hoisting machinery; so we took to the wagon.

and, all things considered, taking a pretty cheerful view of life, and I thought that the losing of the safe in that way was the gol-darndest, funniest thing I ever heard of in my life; but, recollecting that look on Bill's face when I turned the headlight on him, I didn't laugh."

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**HE WAS FREEZING.**

Troubles of a Man Whose Thermometer Failed to Rise With the Heat.

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"Here," said a man coming into an uptown drug store on day last week with a thermometer in his hand, "take a look at this darned machine before I freeze to death."

"What's the matter with it?" inquired the druggist.

"It's out of whack somehow, and won't register correctly. Darn it, I've been shivering in my room for a week, and just couldn't keep warm. I had the thermometer brought in by my doctor, and this morning when the steam went down a little I looked at the mercury. It showed 40 and I thought, 'Well, that's all right. A polar bear could work in that temperature, and went hustling after the janitor.'

"We ran short of coal for a day, and she went down to 40 again, and I went over to stop with a friend till we got coal. But the room wind seemed to come in through the window cracks and the shivers had me all over. I struck for window strips and had a row with the landlord. The mercury showed 50 degrees right along and though I made it hot for the landlord, I never got any of the light that blinded them before."

"Yesterday I gave notice that I would get out if they didn't keep me warm. I'm a bachelor tenant paying a good price and generally no kicker, and they didn't want to pay to keep me here. About a week ago a janitor came in to see how I was getting along. He aroused me. He asked if I was sick. I told him I was frozen. He said he thought the room was very warm. Before leaving him I showed him the thermometer and that was the last real test. The mercury stood at 50. The janitor swore and went out. He came back in a minute with another

thermometer and hung it alongside of mine. It was a fine one, guaranteed to keep perfect for a year, marked 65 degrees when he brought it out. After a minute or two it showed 71. Mine stood at 50. The janitor looked at the two machines and began to grin. I began to unwind the blanket that was around me. The janitor looked scared, but I told him to go on. He took the thermometer from him. The only man that I felt like licking was the one who cold me a thermometer that wouldn't go. You're the one. Now it's up to you to apologize, give me

The druggist apologized and gave the imaginative one a new thermometer.

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**RAPID-FIRE NOVEL WRITING.**

Although Marion Crawford now produces on an average of two novels a year "Mario's Crucifix" was written in ten days and his "The Tale of a Lonely Parish," a 120,000-word novel, was com-

pleted in twenty-four days. It took him, however, eight months to write *Deronda*. "During the time spent in gathering the material for it, The story of George Eliot's reading for 'Daniel Deronda' is too odd to repeat, but it shows that the actual writing of a book is a small affair compared with the task of collecting the material," wrote Harriet Dickinson's "The Black Wolf's Breed," which was written in a little over two months time. Another piece of quick work was Julia Masgruder's "Princess Somz," completed in eighteen days.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

(New York Press.)

Consistency is the one jewel that no woman ever wanted her husband to buy for her.

Wives rule the husbands, children rule the wives, and the cook rules the whole bunch of them.

A woman has as much respect for a doctor's prescription paid as a man has for a girl's suggestion.

It's mighty hard for a man to understand how a woman who fools around so recklessly in a sleeping car can be so terribly careful about pulling down her bedroom curtains overlooking her own backyard.

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**DIDN'T MOVE ON TIME.**

(New York Tribune.)

A typical tough boy, aged 13, was committed to a certain asylum not long ago.

by a city magistrate. "What did you do that they sent you here?" asked the superintendent mildly.

"Huh! They sent me up just for playing a game," snarled the boy.

"What game?" asked the superintendent.

"Checkers wid de police," he explained.

"It was me move, an' I didn't move, s' de jury dumped me."

He had been arrested for loitering.

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THE TROUBLE WITH THE HENS.

(Baltimore American.)

An editor who runs a notes and queries column received the following: "What ails my hens? Every morning I find two or three lying on their backs, toes curled up, never to raise again." The editor replied as follows: "Your hens are dead."

